THE ARMES OF THE TOBACHONISTS,

How the Armes were first found,

I Lately did moſt diligently looke,
From end to end quite through a Harralds booke
Whereas I ſaw the armes of Monarchies,
Of Empieres, Kingdomes, Principallities,
Of Nobles, Gentiles, and of Corporations,
Deuis'd with many thouſand variations:
And amongſt all theſe honorable Creſts,
I found no Armes for the *Tobaconiſts:*
I ask'd the Herrald why they were forgot,
He anſwered me that they belonged not
To heaven, or earth, and that he knew right well,
They muſt deriue their Herraldry from hell:
And that there's no Baud, or Whore all moſt,
Or Pander, Broaker, or Gnight of th poſt:
A Roarer, or an ordinarie Gull,
But could imblaze their Armes vnto the full.
I gaue him thankes, and kindly bad adue,
And went and ſought, and found the ſmoaky crew:
With oathes and ſmoake, all in a roome cloſe ſitting,
With huffing, puffing, ſnuffing, ſpawling, ſpitting:
After a ſlauering haulke, and driſling hem,
One bouldly ask'd what I would haue with them:
I told him my requeſt, he ſtraight ſtept out,
And courteouſly he thus reſolu'd my doubt.

The Armes emblazoned.

A *Man reuerſt proper* improperly,
In a field Sable mounting vp on high,
His faire *poſteriours* whilſts, his *head* and *hands*
Are *pendant* to his *legges* whereon he ſtands;
Out of his mouth two *pipes* a *Cheueron* makes,
From whom the precious vapour that he takes:
He at his *backe ſide*, very freely *vents*,
As ſweet as ſugar-carrion to the ſents:
Aboue two *furies clawes* a match hath got,
Or elſe a halter with a riding knot.
The Creſt a Mores head gardant on a wreath,
Of party *Sable Argent* vnderneath:
The *Helmet* a full Tauerne *looking-glaſſe*,
The *Mantells ſmoake*, which from the *noſtrill* paſſe:
Inuellops round the ſcoucheons on each ſide,
By which it is Adornd and Clowdiſide,
The taſſells that vnto the mantells hang,
Are liquors that will make their Noſes twang:
As *Ruby*, water *Whorehound*, *Cloue or Hum*,
Hot *Nutmeg*, faire *Angellica*, and *Mumme*
The two ſupportes (cleanly all to keepe)
Are French Babounes, whoſe note is chimny ſweepe:
But now to giue the reader ſome content,
The morrall tells what in the Armes is ment.

LONDON, Printed by Richard Shorleyker. 1630.

The Morroll.

THe *Sable field* reſembles hells blacke pit,
Whereas the Diuells in ſmoake and darknes ſit:
The *man reuerſt* ſhewes men, or beaſt indeed,
That doate to much vpon this heathen weed,
Who ſmoake away their precious Time and Chinke,
And all their profit is contagious ſtinke:
The pipes and fume vnto vs doth diſcloſe,
How it leades coxcomes dayly by the noſe;
The match or halter in the goblines pawes,
Portends the fatall period of the lawes:
That thoſe that waſt themſelues in ayre and ſmoake,
May to the hangman leaue both coate and cloake,
The Moores head ſhewes, that curſed Pagans did,
Deuiſe this ſtinke, long time from Chriſtians hid:
The *Topfull piſpot* ſhewes the vaine exceſſe,
Of men orecharg'd with fume and drunkennes,
The Mantells ſhewes theſe fellowes mighty skill,
That can turne mony into vapours ſtill:
The *Taſſells* at the end depending here,
And haue theſe vertues very hot and deare,
Are like to *Whores* that often hang vpon,
Tobaconiſts, till all their mony's gone:
By the *Supporters*, wiſdome wiſely notes,
Tobaconiſts wants ſweeping in their Throates.